WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, July 2, 1803. [No. 39

The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. I.

(Continued from page 298.)

IN pursuance of his benevolent intention, Mr. Evelyn had a new suit of clothes made for Francis, who soon was so far recovered as to play about with poor Crab, who had long sullenly moped about in search of him. Susan, too, had changed her tone; and, instead of a dirty creature, now thought Franco a pretty boy; and he almost began to rival the romping Georgiana in her favor. Luckily Miss Evelyn was not of an envious disposition; and so far from repining at the favor her father showed the young stranger, she busied herself with alacrity to make his new shirts, and wished she had just such a brother.

Anxious to see the poor maniac, Mr. Evelyn one morning took Francis in a coach to the house where she was confined, without acquainting him that he was to meet a mother. Mrs. Edwards was brought into the parlour: she appeared to be about six-and-twenty, of graceful figure, and tolerably handsome: her eyes wandered around without a single glance of expression; but no sooner did Crab enter the room than he rushed upon her with every demonstration of joy. She shrieked as he leaped against her, and burst into a convulsive laugh.—

See! she cried, shuddering; there he lies, bleeding!—Go, poor wretch, lick thy master's hands! He was kind to thee; he is not proud: he will not shut his door against thee! Then, holding her head with both her hands, and breathing as if with difficulty, she remained some time silent.

Mr. Evelyn approached her, and gently taking her hand, said—

And here is Francis: do you not know him?

Yes, yes! she cried, wildly; where is he? The smoke blinds me—Safe! my child.—Fire! fire!

Her outcries now became so dreadful, that the keeper was forced to silence her with a threat, which she seemed to understand, and soon relapsed into her former stupor; and Mr. Evelyn, despairing of success, soon withdrew from a scene so distressing to a feeling heart; and, after having distributed some money among the people to purchase their kindness to the poor sufferer, and ordering her every accommodation necessary, he returned home.

The chimney-sweeper, for the sake of a few guineas, readily consented to resign the indentures; and little Francis became a student with Miss Georgiana, who had masters at home to instruct her in the various branches of education.

Miss Evelyn was a wild girl, of nine years growth; sensible, good tempered, and of pleasing person: her father's smile was her greatest reward, his frown the direst of all calamities; yet she loved to play aunt Lucretia a trick now and then; and her mischievous sport often produced a severe reproof from her father. The introduction of young Edwards now afforded her new amusement; and, for a while aunt Lucretia was left in peace, to the infinite discomfiture of the servants, who universally hated her, and delighted to encourage the sallies of their young lady.

Miss Lucretia remonstrated with warmth against her brother's degeneracy in permitting his daughter to associate with a chimney-sweeper; but to this Mr. Evelyn replied—

It will teach her humility—chance may reduce her to indigence: my child shall not be disgraced; but I would have her estimate things by their worth, not by their name. Henceforth, remember to call the boy Francis Edwards:—he is no longer a chimney-sweeper.

Mr. Evelyn could sometimes be peremptory; he was so then, and no one dared to dispute his order.

CHAP. II.

The generous Soldier.

Passing over the uninteresting pursuits of childhood, we arrive at the period of our hero's being sent to a public school, where he made such rapid progress in his studies, as to leave no doubt in the mind of Mr. Evelyn as to his abilities. It was now time to determine on the trade or profession in which he was to engage; but this was a point not easily adjusted in the mind of Francis. His breast glowing with gratitude to the generous protector of his youthful fortunes, he suppressed every appearance of that aspiring spirit which seemed to kindle with his growth, and ever flashed in his eyes at the perusal of an heroic tale; and, to avoid the imputation of upstart arrogance, he stifled the regret that filled his soul when importuned by his guardian to name his future pursuit.

The person of young Edwards was adorned with every captivating grace, and his manners were easy, dignified, and insinuating. Such qualifications could not but adorn any sphere in life; and Georgiana declared, he looked more like a nobleman than lord Clatterton. But this was an assertion totally repugnant to the feelings of Mrs. Lucretia: she admitted, indeed, that the youth would be well enough, if her wise brother did not spoil him, for he was civil, obliging and well-bred; but, as for making any comparison between him and the handsome viscount, she thought it both ridiculous and indecorous.

Besides, she added, superciliously, you should please to recollect, Miss Georgiana Evelyn, that viscount Clatterton is of your own blood, by your mother's side, which is nearly as antient as that of the Evelyns, who can trace their pedigree back through innumerable generations; and, notwithstanding you are by many years too young to think about marriage, it is expected that a family alliance may some day take place; therefore I beg that you will never again insult the manes of our noble ancestors, by comparing any of their descendants with a chimney-sweeper, whom my brother should have made his footboy, had he properly considered the dignity of his family.

So perhaps he might, madam, replied Georgiana, pouting, had he known him to have been of low origin; but how can we tell whether his pedigree is not as antient as our own? Besides, I wonder, aunt, that you have not more liberality of mind with *your* noble birth, than to call the poor lad by that odious name, when you know you are the only one who dares to mention it!

Indeed, Miss, you grow very pert, methinks!—and I suppose that you imbibe your romantic notions from the novel you read the other day in my room, which that stupid girl brought me, instead of Mrs More's Strictures.

No, indeed, aunt, returned Georgiana, I am not weak enough to suffer a fiction to mislead my senses; and I beg you to believe me, when I affirm, that I consider a few interesting incidents merely as an ingenious fabrication to lead the attention through the probable contingencies of life, to the contemplation of virtues that may be acquired, without suffering romantic enthusiasm to mislead my judgment, or dazzle my senses.

Ah! you depend too much on your own understanding. The senses are misled sooner than you imagine; and you are a foolish conceited girl.

Though this rebuke wounded the pride of Georgiana, it did not ruffle her temper: her respect and veneration of her father made her ever behave with modest deference toward his sister; and the infirmities of temper which she beheld in her made her rather more solicitous to regulate her own, by stifling every propensity to petulance, which disgusts in youth, and, when encouraged, renders age insupportable. Nor had she ever, in memory, transgressed so far as she had done in behalf of the innocent object of her aunt's acrimony: yet Georgiana had a spirit that would not crouch to injustice; while good sense ever enabled her to control it in such a manner, as evinced that, while she could stoop, she would not be trampled upon.

A few weeks passed away, and Francis came home from school; and Mr. Evelyn found, with infinite concern, that he did not enjoy a good state of health: he grew fast, and a consumptive habit seemed settling upon him. Geogiana was assiduous in her attentions, and it was with the most tender gratitude that he received them. His mind was not quite at ease: yet he concealed his internal struggles, and appeared tranquil and happy. Every hour seemed to bring to him some new perplexity; and the artless affection of Georgiana, readily perceived through the medium of sympathy, brought an additional pang to the agitated heart of Edwards.

The season of fashion brought the young viscount to London, with a blooming countenance, an athletic person, a generous heart, cheerful temper, independent master of a capital fortune, and major in a regiment of foot, at twenty-four!——Such was Clatterton. He visited at Mr. Evelyn's with the familiarity which relationship inspired; and it was conjectured by some that he already regarded Miss Evelyn with a partial eye. When children, they had been constant companions, romped together, and seemed happy in the company of each other; but a few years had wrought more change in the manners of Georgiana than in those of her cousin. Though ever cheerful and gay, she was no longer the hoyden he had known her: a modest diffidence marked her deportment; and she had a chaste dignified mien which never failed to keep presumption at a distance. While only sixteen, Georgiana possessed the happy talent of attracting esteem and admiration by her arch playfulness and sweetness of temper, and commanded respect by the propriety of her demeanor.

Francis was introduced to lord Clatterton as an orphan whose merits, as well as misfortunes entitled him to the favor he received from the family; and Mr. Evelyn in the course of conversation, expressed his regret that his indifferent state of health retarded his determination with respect to his establishment.

If his constitution is so weak, said Clatterton, it will be death to the young man to chain him to a sedentary occupation. Put him under my wing: I can give him a pair of colors in my regiment; and, if he must die, he may as well march out of this world with an honorable passport; and I hope his billet will be signed for good quarters: but, perhaps, air and exercise may bring him among us.——What think you Edwards?

(To be continued.)

Selected Biography.

[Under this head we shall insert the Lives or biographical anecdotes of persons of either sex, eminent for their virtues or vices, remarkable for their eccentricities or absurdities, or famous for their excellence in any art or profession, &c.——In this we shall occasionally offer to our readers, such tracts as may comport with the design, without adhering to any particular order or date.—We will be thankful for the assistance of correspondents.]

No. I.

The following sketch goes farther to prove the capacities of the female sex, to be equal to that of the men, (when educated accordingly) than volumes of mere argument.

MADEMOISELLE D'EON.

THE Chevalier D'Eon or Mademoiselle la Chevalier D'Eon du Beaumont, was born October 4, 1728, at Tonnerre in Burgundy. The family of this very extraordinary woman is mentioned as an ancient one, in the Genealogical Dictionary of De Bois de la Chesnaye. Her grandfather and father were successively deputy-intendants of the Generality of Paris, and her mother was Francoise du Charenton, daughter of M. du Charenton, who was Commissaire ordonnateur de guerre to the French armies in Spain and Italy.

At a very early age, for reasons not yet divulged, her parents obliged her to assume the dress of a boy. When six years of age, she was sent to her aunt in Paris, where she began to receive an education suitable to her supposed sex. At the age of fourteen she was sent to the college Mazarin, in that city, as a day-scholar; where she was no less distinguished for her proficiency in literature, than for the regularity of her conduct. When she had completed her education in that seminary, she became accomplished in the masculine science of fencing, riding the great horse. &c.

She was also about this time, regularly admitted to the degree of doctor of civil and of canon law, and was received advocate of the parliament of Paris. Her love of literature did not then forsake her; many miscellaneous pieces proceeded from her pen.

The late excellent prince of Conti, who knew the secret of her sex, introduced her in 1755, to Louis XV. (to whom he had communicated the secret) as a person very capable of conducting a business he had much at heart; a reconciliation between his court, and that of Russia. Mademoiselle D'Eon having succeeded in this very arduous undertaking (in which she was engaged *as a woman*, and without any public character) was again sent to that court in 1757, in conjunction with the chevalier Douglas, *as a man*, and in an open and avowed diplomatic situation. Their negociations were so powerful, that they prevailed upon the empress Elizabeth to join the armies of France and Austria with eighty thousand troops, which she had originally destined for the assistance of the king of Prussia.

In her return to Paris the same year, she was commissioned to communicate the plan of the Russian military campaigns to the court of Vienna; and while she was at that court, the news arrived of the famous battle of Prague. The count de Broglio entrusted her with dispatches for the court of France, giving an account of the victory gained over the king of Prussia. Charged with these dispatches, and the treaty concluded between Russia and France, Mademoiselle D'Eon set out for Paris; and tho' her carriage was overturned, and she had broke one of the bones of her ancle, she reached Paris thirty-six hours soonthan the courier dispatched by the court of Vienna, to that of France. The dispatches were delivered into the hands of M. de Rouill, then secretary of state for foreign affairs and immediately taken to Louis XV. who ordered a lodging to be prepared for her, and sent one of his surgeons to attend her.

From the effects of her being overturned in the carriage, she was confined to her bed for three months; and on her recovery was presented by her sovereign with a lieutenancy of dragoons (a situation she had long been anxious to obtain) and was sent a third time to Petersburgh as secretary of embassy to the marquis de l'Hospital. She returned from that court in 1759; and, being desirous of distinguishing herself in her military profession, she was permitted to join her regiment in Germany, as captain of dragoons, and as aid-de-camp to the count and marshal de Broglio. At the engagement of Ultrop, our heroine was twice wounded. At that o Ostervich, at the head of eighty dragoons and forty hussars, she charged the battalion Prussen de Rhes, which she completely routed, and took the commanding officer prisoner.

In September 1762, she was sent to London as secretary of embassy to the duc de Nivernois, ambassador from France to that court, to conclude the peace of 1763. Her conduct on this business was so agreeable to the king of England, that he desired (though contrary to the usual etiquette on these occasions) that she might carry to France the ratifications of the treaty of peace, concluded between his court and that of Versailles. Her own sovereign also, as a mark of his approbation, honored her with the order of St. Louis.

When M. de Nivernois quitted his embassy she was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of London. Her disputes with M. de Guerchy, who succeeded M. de Nivernois, are related with great spirit under the title of "Lettres, Memoires, et Negociations particulieres du Chevalier D'Eon." Whatever part the French ministry might chuse to take in these disputes, her sovereign still continued to honor her with his protection and confidence, and she remained in epistolary correspondence with him till the time of his death.

Louis XV. settled pensions on Mademoiselle D'Eon, at different times, to a considerable amount, and they were continued to her by the late king of France, with the express order for the resumption of her sex, and on condition that she wore the dress of a woman. He permitted her at her own requisition, to retain the cross of St. Louis.

Since the peace of 1763, Mademoiselle D'Eon, has resided chiefly in and about London, where the brilliancy of her wit, the variety of her information, and other companionable qualities, have procured her many respectable friends. In the company of a select party, she, lately, took an elegant frugal repast, at the Long Rooms, Hampstead: it is therefore probable that she is still numbered with the living*.

* *This was published about* 1801.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

A CHARACTER.

THE temporal happiness of man very much depends on his social connexions, and that most intimate connexion which is formed by marriage, seems to me the fairest chance which any man can have for domestic comfort. Throughout all my life, I have observed more happiness in the family of a married man, than of a single one. And of all miserable mortals, I know none so miserable as an old bachelor, one who has never formed a tender connexion with a woman; for after all that can be said, it is only with woman that we are to expect that tender concern and anxious solicitude which tempers distress, and renders our affections tolerable.

The precise old bachelor, is one of those characters which is very naturally disagreeable to the youth of both sexes, insomuch, that old bachelor is almost a term of reproach. Let us survey the old bachelor in all his glory. He gets up in the morning, and rings his bell; his servant attends to know what he would be pleased to have—because he is paid for it.—The old bachelor orders breakfast of coffee, or tea, or chocolate, and his housekeeper makes the tea, or coffee, or chocolate—because she is paid for it.—When this is over, he rings his bell again, and desires the servant to remove the things; this the servant does—because he is paid for it.—Next, old Celibacy orders his horse to be got ready; the servant conveys the orders to the stable-keeper, who immediately sends the horse saddled and bridled—because he too is paid for it.—While he is preparing to mount, the house-keeper asks him what he will please to have for dinner; he swears an oath or two, and wonders how she can ask such a question so soon after breakfast. On his return he sits down to dinner—which ten to one he does not like; it is not his favorite dish, or it is not well drest; there is not the proper sauce, or the bread is stale; he then scolds the servants—they bear the scolding with great philosophy—because they are paid for it;—and if he threatens to dismiss them, they are equally indifferent, because they can soon get another service in a family where there is one to superintend the whole, and take the blame off their shoulders—The dinner being over, he drinks a bottle with an acquaintance, and then enjoys the superlative satisfaction of railing against the female sex, and, perhaps, singing a foolish song, or giving a foolish toast in favor of celibacy, all of which his friend agrees to, because he—likes the wine!

All this being over, the friend, or friends leave him, and he dozes away the time until supper, which is served up in great order by his servants—because they are paid for it;—and after falling asleep in his chair, he is wakened by the noise of a dog, or cat in the neighboring gutter——after which he goes quietly and orderly to bed, with the reflection, that there is not a single person in the house, who cares whether he be found dead or alive in his bed next morning.

So much for old bachelors.—What is the inference from all this? The plain inference from this is, that as a young man is in a situation to provide for a family, the most prudent thing he can do is to marry, if he wishes to avoid the temptations to which single men are exposed, and values his integrity, his constitution, or his temporal happiness.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

THE fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso-relievo, which still remains on the chimney pieces of the grand hall, at the castle of Montargis in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone thro' the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's, at Paris, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence intreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, significantly intreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin; who is stiled by all the historians that relate this fact, the chevalier Macaire: when instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey.

In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances increased suspicion; and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen; when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

In those rude times, when no positive proof of a crime appeared, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and the accused. These were denominated the judgments of God, from a persuasion that Heaven would much sooner work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the isle of Notre Dame, then an uninclosed, uninhabited place; Macaire's weapon being a great cudgel.

The dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Every thing being prepared,

the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then, springing forward, he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of which the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the isle of Notre Dame.

The above curious recital is translated from the *Memoires sur les Duels*; and is confirmed by many judicious critical writers; particularly Julius Scaliger, and Montfaucon, neither of whom have ever been regarded as fabricators of idle stories.

INGENUITY AND SPIRIT OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

From Maurice's Modern India.

THE prince of Chitor, who had been prisoner since the emperor took that place, found in the mean time means to make his escape in a very extraordinary manner.

Alla, having heard extravagant things in praise of the beauty and accomplishments of one of the rajah's daughters, told him that if he would send her, he should, upon her account, be released. The rajah, who was very ill treated in his confinement, consented, and sent for his daughter, with a manifest design to prostitute her to the king. The prince's family hearing this dishonorable proposal, concerted means of poisoning the rajah, to save their own reputation. But the daughter, being a girl of invention, proposed a stratagem to release her father, and at the same time to preserve her own honor.

She accordingly wrote to her father, to give notice, that she was coming, with all her attendants, and would be at Delhi upon a certain day, acquainting him with the part she intended to act. Her contrivance was this:

She selected a number of enterprising fellows, who, in complete armor, concealed themselves in doolies, or close chairs, in which the women are always carried; she provided for them a chosen retinue of horse and foot, as customary to guard ladies of rank. She herself, by this time, had, by her father's means, received the imperial passport, and the whole cavalcade proceeded to Delhi, and were admittedwithout interruption. It was now night, and, by the king's order they were permitted to see the rajah. The chairs being carried into the prison, and the attendants having taken their stations without; the armed men started out of their chairs, and putting all to the sword within the courts, carried the rajah out, and, having horses prepared for him, he mounted, and, with his attendants, rushed out of the city before any opposition could be made, and fled to his own country.

HUMOROUS ADVERTISEMENT.

[From the Boston Gazette.]

"*Tam Epicuro quam Momo.*"

NEW HOTEL,

Head of the Mall, two doors North of Packards Tavern,

OTHELLO POLLARD,

TO his friends and the public, more especially to gentlemen of *delicate taste* and *well-educated appetite*, offers the rich viands and various luxuries, exotic and indigenous, of his

CLASSIC HOTEL—*or*, ATTIC BOWER,

In which he flatters himself, the entertainment will at all times be found, polite in style, and excellent in quality; his guests select and fashionable; and his own humble services sedulous and acceptable. In chusing an appellation for his Hotel, he has endeavored to attract the notice of gentlemen of elegant leisure, or of delicate health; and he trusts he shall in pursuance of his motto, be enabled to combine in his social retreat, all the invitations which the *politest palate* may require, with all the wit-inspiring ingredients of intellectual festivity. A mere *bon vivant* is a *sad dull dog*, and a mere *philosopher* a *sad wise one*. Blend the two characters, and you follow the receipt to make a gentleman. *Othello* always loved the muses and their biforked hill; for one top was consecrated to *Apollo*, and the other to *Bacchus*. *Othello* wishes to be viceroy over both; and trusts he shall have the happiness to address every kind guest who visits his Hotel, (in the language of his friend *Claudian* the Roman poet)——"*Utrum culmen tenes.*"

OTHELLO POLLARD'S BILL OF FARE.

SOLID ARGUMENTS—consisting of beefsteaks, soups of all kinds, bread, butter, cheese, ham, tongue, &c.

AGITATIONS. Cider, vinegar, salt, pickles, sweet oil, &c.

GRIEVANCES. Peppersauce, mustard, black pepper, cayenne, &c.

PUNISHMENTS. Wine, braudy, gin, ice-punch, cordials, spirits, bitters, porter, &c.

SUPERFLUITIES. Ice-creams, custards, strawberries and creams, whip-syllabubs, pies, jellies, olives, all kinds of fruits, snuff, tobacco and segars.

N. B. *Any of the above articles to be exchanged for* NECESSARIES, viz. French crowns, Spanish dollars, pistareens, cents, mills, or bank-bills.

Credit given for payments—30, 60, and 90 seconds, or as long as a man can hold his breath.

RUDIMENTS, GRATIS, VIZ.

Those indebted for – – *Arguments*,
Must not be – – – – – *Agitated*,
Nor think it a – – – – *Grievance*,
If they should meet – *Punishment*,
For calling for such – *Superfluities*,
And not supposing it – *Necessary*,
To make immediate – *Payment*.

ANECDOTES.

ON one of the nights when Mrs. Siddons first performed at Drury Lane, a Jew boy, in his eagerness to get to the first row in the shilling gallery, fell over into the pit, and was dangerously hurt. The managers of the theatre ordered the lad to be conveyed to a lodging, and he was attended by their own physician; but, notwithstanding all their attention, he died, and was decently buried *at the expence of the theatre*. The mother came to the play house to thank the managers, and they gave her his cloaths and five guineas, for which she returned a courtesy, but with some hesitation, added, "*They had forgot to return her the shilling which Abraham had paid for coming in.*"

A lady being asked why she had married an ugly husband, said,—"*Gallants* ought to be handsome; but *husbands as God pleases.*

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July 2d 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 30 persons during the week ending on 25th inst. viz. still born 1—lingering illness 1—burn 1—convulsions 2—phthisis 1—herpes exidens 1—dropsy 1—diarrhoea 2—lax 1—decay 1—drowned 2—consumption 2—bilious complaint 1—fits 3—apoplexy 1—hives 1—small pox 1—watery head 1—scarlet fever 2—typhus fever 1—old age 1—infant twins 2—Of whom 9 were adults, and 21 children.

WAR.

On Thursday last arrived here the ship John Morgan in 32 days from London. By this ship the long expected news of *war between France and England* is at length received. An order of council, directing letters of marque and reprisal against the ships, vessels, and goods of the French Republic, and another laying an embargo on all vessels belonging to citizens of the French and Batavian republics, were issued by the English government the 16th of May.

Mr. King, our ambassador to the court of Great Britain, came with his family, passengers in the John Morgan.

USEFUL IMPROVEMENTS.

We understand that a gentleman of this city has lately made an improvement on the Press, which by a very simple alteration in the frame, doubles the force of the Screw, besides possessing this advantage that it can be moved at pleasure, and applied to the purposes of packing goods and cotton, oil-mills, cyder-mills, the pressing of tobacco and paper, and in short every purpose where a screw-press is used. *Merc. Ad.*

Mr. Chester Gould of Vermont, inventor of an improved sea-log, has lately obtained a patent from the English government for another invention of considerable importance to mariners. It is called an *artificial horizon*, to be attached to and used with the quadrant or sextant, for the purpose of taking altitudes of celestial or both objects, either on land or water, without the assisance of the natural horizon.

ACCIDENTS.

On Thursday last, two girls, one aged 15, the other 13, were amusing themselves by sailing on a plank in Shingle-kill creek, in the town of Canton, Green county, when, floating over a deep hole, one of them sprung from the plank to regain the shore, but failed and sunk—and the other in attempting to save her went down also. Another girl was on the shore, who ran for assistance, and the bodies were taken up in about 20 minutes, but all attempts to resuscitate them were ineffectual.

Last Saturday evening the house of Abraham Van Valkenburgh, in Catskill, was struck with lightning, and a daughter of John Woolford, his neighbor, aged 12, sitting near the chimney, was instantly killed.

HOUSE OF LORDS, May 16.

Lord Pelham brought down the following Message from his majesty, which was read, first by the chancellor from the Woolsack, and next by Mr. Rose, the clerk, at the table:

G. R.

"His majesty thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Peers, that the discussion which he announced to them in his Message of the 11th of March last, as then subsisting between his majesty and the French government has obliged his majesty to recal his ambassador from Paris, and that the ambassador from the French republic has left London.

"His majesty has given directions for laying before the House of Peers, with as little delay as possible, copies of such papers as will afford the fullest information to his Parliament at this important conjecture.

"It is a consolation to his maj reflect, that no endeavors have been wanting on his part to preserve to his subjects the blessings of peace; but under the circumstances which have occurred to disappoint his just expectations, his majesty relies with confidence on the zeal and public spirit of his faithful Commons, and on the exertions of his brave and loyal subjects, to support him in his determination to employ the power and resources of the nation, in opposing the spirit of ambition and encroachment which at present actuates the concils of France, in upholding the dignity of his crown, and in asserting and maintaining the rights and interests of his people."

A similar message was delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. Addington.

LONDON, May 17.

His majesty's message, delivered to both Houses of Parliament yesterday afternoon, puts an end to the uncertainty which many were under respecting the issue of the negociation which many were under respecting the negociation which was carrying on between this country and France.

At the Privy Council which sat at the Queen's yesterday, and at which his majesty presided, the message to Parliament was settled, and orders issued to the lords of the admiralty to grant letters of marque and reprisal against all vessels belonging to the French and Batavian republics, and to lay a general embargo on all ships bound to any of their ports.

The renewal of the war between this country and France, has proved of essential service to America. Private letters from Paris state, that the American minister, Mr. Munroe, has completely succeeded in the object of his mission, and that within these three days the French government has ceded to the Americans the possesion of Louisiana.

It is further stated, upon the same respectable authority, that a sum of *six million dollars*, due from France to individuals of the United States, to obtain

the payment of which was one of Mr. Munroe's principal objects, has been given up by the latter, the American minister having consented, that the government of the United States shall take that debt upon itself.

FROM CAPE FRANCOIS.

The Wilmington, (N. C.) Gazette of the 16th inst. says—"On Sunday arrived the schooner Caty, Allen, in seven days from Cape-Francois. The revolutionary affairs of St. Domingo, still remain in awful uncertainty: the brigands possess the whole country, except about two miles round the principal seaports; no troops of consequence had arrived, and of the few that were sent out, two regiments of mercenaries had deserted to the enemy, who have acquired such strength and use such desperate modes of attack, that not even the chosen men of Bonaparte will stand before them in the field of action. In this dreadful situation, the almost exhausted inhabitants, are the only protection to the country.

"Several attempts have been made to retake Tortuga, but after many severe engagements, and much blood-shed, the whites were compelled to leave it in possession of the Brigands. Conformably to a late order of the first consul, general Rochambeau and suite will hereafter reside at the Cape.

"About the first of May, a sloop supposed to belong to one of the Northern states of America, with yellow sides and name blacked off the stern, was captured by the Brigands and her crew massacred. She is now lying at Peuta-Neuva, in the island of Portorico, subject to the claim of her proper owner."

ANECDOTE.

Original Humor.—Some years since, Mr. C——, a respectable clergyman in Litchfield county, was reproving an old Indian for his cruel and revengeful conduct towards those who had offended him: "You should love your enemies," concluded the parson, "and preserve an affection for those that hurt you."—"I do love my enemies," retorted the son of Nature, "and have a great *affection* for them that hurt me." "No such thing," returned Mr. C——: "you don't love your enemies."—"I do."—"Who are the enemies you love?"—"*Rum and Cyder.*"

THEATRICAL REGISTER
FOR 1803.

SATURDAY, June 25th.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE, *Colman*, and WAGS OF WINDSOR, *G. Colman*,—advertised *for the benefit of Mr. Hallam, jun.*—No performance, for want of encouragement.

MONDAY, June 27.

SUCH THINGS ARE, *Mrs. Inchbald*, THE ELOPEMENT, and MEDEA AND JASON.—*For the benefit of Mr. Martin.*

WEDNESDAY, June 29.

FALSE SHAME, from the German of *Kotzebue*, by *W. Dunlap*, and NO SONG NO SUPPER, *P. Hoare*. intended *for the benefit of Mrs. and Miss Hogg*.—Played to less than half the expences.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriage.

On Sunday evening last, Robert Dale, esq. to Mrs. Mary Kippen, both of this city.

Death.

On Thursday last, Mr. John Randall, of this city, Hair-dresser.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

THEATRE.

The 4th of July.

In commemoration of that glorious day which gave existence to our country as a Nation, will be performed (for the first time) a play in 5 acts, written for the occasion, interspersed with *songs, duetts* and *choruses*, called,

The Glory of Columbia,
HER
YEOMANRY.

Music by Mr. Pelissier.
With a variety of new scenery and machinery never before exhibited.
Before the play,
FEATS OF ACTIVITY,
By Sig. Manfredi.
After the play, will be sung by Mr. Shapter and others of the company,
AN ODE,
Composed for the day, by Mrs. Jackson,
The music Dr. G. K. Jackson.
After the Ode, Sig. Manfredi will perform the
MOST ASTONISHING FEAT
In balancing on the Rope ever known.
HE WILL RAPIDLY ASCEND
From the back of the stage to the upper part of the gallery, and descend back.
The evenings entertainments to conclude with a farce in one act called,
A Quarter of an Hour before Dinner.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.
N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, *No. 22, Stone-street.*

POOR MARGUERITE.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

SWIFT o'er the wild and dreary waste
A nut-brown maid was seen to haste:
Wide-waving was her unbound hair,
And sun-scorch'd was her bosom, bare!
For Summer's noon had shed its beams
As she lay wrapt in fev'rish dreams;
While on the wither'd hay-stack side,
By turns she slept, by turns she cried—
"Ah where lies hid the balsam sweet,
"To heal the wounds of Marguerite?

Dark was her large but sunken eye,
Which wildly gaz'd upon the sky;
And swiftly down her freckled face
The unfelt dews began to pace;
For she was lorn, and many a day
Had all alone been doom'd to stray:
And many a night her bosom warm
Had throbb'd beneath the pelting storm:
And still she sigh'd—"The rain falls sweet;—
"It bathes the wounds of Marguerite."

Across the waste of printless snow,
All day the nut-brown maid would go:
And when the winter-moon had shed
Its pale beams o'er the mountain's head,
She on a broomy pillow lay,
To watch the tardy glimpse of day;
While the cold breath of dawn-light flew
Across the fields of frozen dew;
And then she cried,—"The air is sweet;
"It fans the breast of Marguerite!"

The weedy lane she lov'd to tread
When stars their twinkling lustre shed;
While from the lone and silent cot
The watchful cur assail'd her not,
Tho' at the beggar he would fly,
And fright the trav'ller passing by;
But she so kind and gentle seem'd,
Such softness in her dark eyes beam'd,
That savage fierceness could not greet
With less than smiles—poor Marguerite!

And why did she, with sun-burnt breast,
So wander, and so scorn to rest?
Why did the nut-brown maiden go
O'er burning plain and wastes of snow!
What bade her fev'rish bosom sigh,
And dimm'd her large and hazel eye;
And stole the hour of slumber sweet
From the scorch'd brain of Marguerite?
Soon shalt thou know;—for, see how, lorn,
She climbs the steep of shaggy thorn!
Now on the jutting cliff she stands,
And clasps her cold but snow-white hands:
She sighs—"Farewel!" and, bending slow,
Looks trembling on the main below,
And list'ning, ev'ry wave to hear,
Calls from the deep her Henry dear!
Then topples from the rock, to meet
The plighted love of Marguerite!

THE ROSE-BUD, A SONNET.

BY DR. PERFECT.

A ROSE-BUD (sweet child of the Spring,
Which Zephyr came forward to kiss,
Just fann'd with his white silken wing,
As pregnant with odorous bliss)

A gift to my Delia I thought
Her kindness would never disclaim;
But when her acceptance I sought,
I little expected her blame.

She said, I had robb'd of its bloom
The garden; depriv'd of its sweet,
And nipp'd in its bud, that perfume
That scented its sylvan retreat.

A tender remonstrance of delicate thought,
Tho' harmless the deed, and tho' simple the fault.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

AS when a man, who free from cares,
And all the busy world's affairs,
Of that sweet gift, of health possess'd,
Contentment, and with riches bless'd;
Can call the pleasures of a crown,
And joys of liberty his own;
So is the pedestrian free,
He rests beneath the shady tree
When tir'd, resumes at will his course,
Nor waits for man, nor coach, nor horse:
And as he rambles o'er the green,
He views with joy each passing scene;
The peaceful vale, the murm'ring rill,
The reedy pool, the distant hill,
The dreary cot, the neigh'bring farm,
Each to his soul affords a charm.
Nor envies those who idly ride,
Caress'd by folly, pomp, or pride,
But cheerful, whistling, thoughtful, gay,
He trudges on his lonely way.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, *(Musical Repository, No. 59, Maiden Lane) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS;*

The peerless Maid of Butternere---Evelina's Lullaby---Poor Mary----The Village Coquette----Once happy in a peaceful House---Ye Powers that rule without control---The sweet little Girl of the Lakes---The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose---Tarry awhile with me my Love----The mutual Sigh----The Sailor's welcome home--Mutual Bliss--the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale---the Kiss---the Cake Man---a pretty Week's Work---The fair Huntress---the Blackbird---the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love---Adown, adown, in the Valley----Little sinning's in Love---Poor Ellen---the Pilot that moor'd us in peace---At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise---An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape----the poor little Child of a Tar----With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

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